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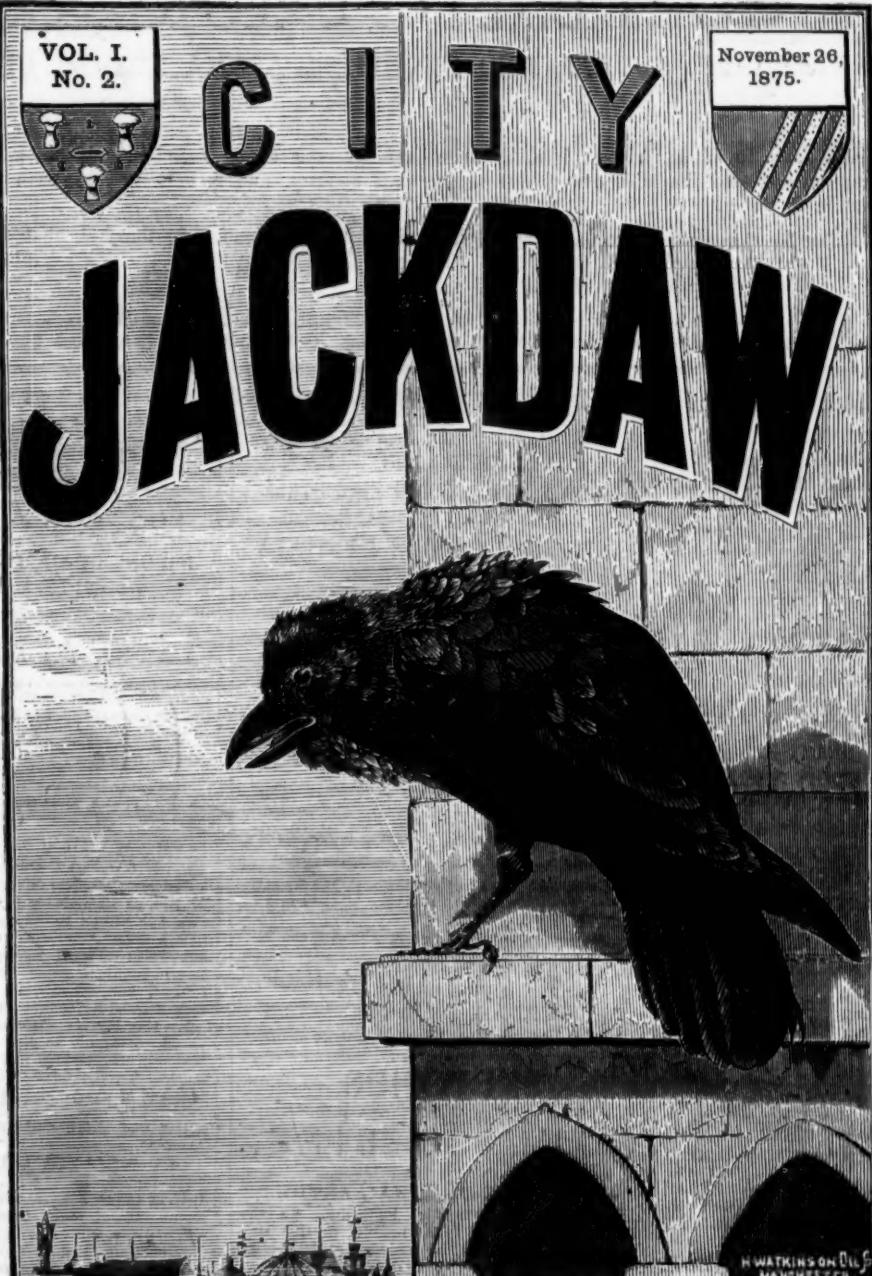
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 2.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1875.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

MR. W. ROMAINE CALLENDER.

THE Captain of the company piped out "All fours." A few of the more subservient natures in the corps hesitated, dubiously undetermined whether to drop upon hands and knees, rabbit-wise; believing it possible that this was a point in skirmishing drill which it was their duty to overcome. One loose fish, afflicted with a sporting tendency, produced a pack of cards from a secret recess in his tunic, and proposed to his right hand man to cut for partners. The veterans of the corps, who knew something of what was what, stared aghast at this new taste of their commander's quality in the art "How not to do it," and the ranks generally fell into confusion. "Form fours," it eventually appeared, was what the commanding officer meant to say, but this acute form of a chronic inability to remember the words of command proved too much for the War Office. Our budding commander gracefully resigned, and Simkins reigned in his stead.

Having failed to signalise himself in defence of Queen and country as a volunteer officer, Mr. W. Romaine Callender thenceforward devoted his talents in the capacity of a constitutional drill sergeant to the maintenance of the throne, the altar, and the cottage, which stood in perhaps equal peril. Party warfare, as understood by him, being less of a precise science and less dependent upon orderly methods than the manoeuvring of companies on a field day, his irregular abilities and devious courses enabled him in this new department of effort to achieve decided success. As a politician, Mr. Callender had already won his spurs. Like his prototype, Mr. Disraeli, he might fairly claim by tongue and pen to have "educated his party." Sprung from a sound Nonconformist stock, he early turned his attention from teaching Sunday-school children in the Baptist chapel in which his father worshipped, to the schooling of that then unknown quantity, the Conservative working-man. A recent admiring writer, who modestly shrinks from comparing his idol with such men as Poulett Thompson, John Bright, and Milner Gibson, ventures to ascribe to him a certain resemblance to the Apostle Paul. There is a river in Macedonia and a river in Monmouth, and there has been a conversion in Mr. Callender's, as there was in St. Paul's, case. The outcome, however, has been singularly different. It was in his early life that Paul found his occupation and amusement in persecuting the Saints. Mr. Callender did not begin his guerilla warfare until after his conversion was effected, though we must admit that he has been breathing out threatenings and slaughter against his early friends ever since. The father was indeed of the straitest sect of the Manchester school of free-traders—a prominent member of the Council of the League. The son so completely emancipated himself from parental fetters as to assail his father's friends with a virulence that has never been elsewhere equalled, except in the case of the man who wore the heart out of Sir Robert Peel by a course of personal vilification. Mr. Callender has gone so far as to stigmatise political chiefs who patted his head when he was brought in with the fruit to say smart things at his father's table, as "trading in the blood and bones of their fellow-countrymen;" and he has found a fitting comparison for the colleagues and successors of the respected minister who taught him his catechism, in the wild and unprincipled Communists of the French Revolution. Mr. Callender's Tory principles have undergone a development on strictly Disraelitish lines. He has not always been an admirer or patron of the Conservative working-man. When Mr. Bright was spending the vigour of his manhood in arguing for extension of the suffrage, the *Manchester Guardian*—not so liberal either in its

leader or its correspondence columns in those days as it has become since its proprietor set his face Westminsterwards and paid his addresses to a popular constituency—published letters column-long, and crammed with statistics showing that the moderate measure which the great Rochdale pioneer advocated would drive the country to the verge of ruin by appointing as our masters the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the depraved. Of these letters Mr. Callender was the writer. When ultimately the franchise was established on the basis of household suffrage, our political wire-puller changed his tactics. He threw himself into the arms of the working man. He sowed by all waters, manifesting in especial a strong proclivity for secret societies. As a Freemason, he rose to rapid distinction—a circumstance which inclines us to think that the Mason's password must be one remarkably easy of recollection. The honours obtained in this field of operations threatened to prove inconvenient to their object in his candidature for Parliamentary honours. A brother Mason, and ambitious portrait painter, of decided Conservative leanings, whose *chef-d'œuvre*, appropriately pervaded with a deep cerulean hue, adorns the Mayor's parlour at the Town Hall—made Mr. Callender the victim of his brush, and the lithographed copies, emblazoned with all the ribbons and insignia appropriate to Grand Mastership, almost overbalance the candidate's claims as the advocate of education in the worship of the Virgin, at Protestant expense, in the Roman Catholic denominational schools. The lithographs were promptly banished from the shop windows, at the flat of the potent Maclure; and Mr. Tuson's expected harvest was blighted. After the election the lithographed portraits became a drug in the market, and the disappointed artist shook the dust of Manchester from his feet. That Mr. Callender is an Orangeman he does not profess, but there is much in a society so truly Protestant, with which he can heartily sympathise. He is equally at home with Oddfellows and Foresters, and if Shepherds in Manchester were politically powerful we see no reason to suppose he would shrink from a public appearance, clad like Adam after the fall, and sporting a crook. He is a mainstay of the Church, and a liberal subscriber to the Alliance, yet he is the favourite of the publicans; and his powerful name has been freely "billed" in the city, to entice the wandering sheep of his party to the peaceful folds of Belle Vue and Pomona. Mr. Callender is indeed, in one sense, a fit object of comparison with St. Paul. His politics are of that chameleon quality which enables him to become all things to all men. By this magnanimous policy he has achieved great ends in the way of knitting together the heterogeneous party who now form the noble army of church defenders, and has well-deserved at the hands of his pupils and admirers the honourable position of member for his native city to which they have elected him.

As an orator Mr. Callender's merits appear to be undervalued by his friends. He may not be great, but he is, or was, undoubtedly the most effective and pungent speaker in the numerous Tory contingent which this district of South Lancashire has returned to St. Stephen's. His political speeches contributed an important quota to the Tory reaction which overthrew the worn-out and used-up Liberal organisation in Lancashire. Industrious in raking up and collating damaging statements and reports, and artful in putting them forward without incurring personal responsibility; dexterous in the use of figures of arithmetic and of speech; often happy, and never squeamish, in the application of epithets; a master of innuendo, his criticism of the late Government, when its popularity had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and its administrative blunders had given occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, was certainly telling on the platform and in ephemeral publications. People who ran and read, and had no time to

examine his sophistries, accepted his wholesale indictment of Mr. Gladstone and his conditors as so much gospel. Mr. Callender is much to be commiserated at the present day that he is not in opposition. It would have done his heart good to have pilloried Mr. Gladstone as the author of the Fugitive Slave Circular; and to have made Mr. Childers personally responsible for the loss of the Vanguard and the disaster to the Iron Duke. But, in the expectation of favours to come, he is at present judiciously silent, and even Mr. Disraeli's selfish profusion in the distribution of patronage does not move his anger. Although we have said Mr. Callender is a pungent and effective speaker, he is never likely to shine brilliantly in debate. He cannot extemporise with facility, and his speeches are usually carefully concealed about his person while he recites them fluently. It may seem strange that one who cannot call to mind the simple words of command which any harebrained ensign or ordinary man of piecemeal could chatter like a parrot, should be able to get off an entire column of invective by rote. But there is much in a congenial taste and a willing mind.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile.

We see a smirking geniality, a general smartness, and a desire to please about Mr. Callender in his platform appearance, which commend him to the good-will of his audience. He generally comes up smiling, and there is much virtue therein, even when it covers an intention to stab.

Of Mr. Callender's private life and character we have nothing to say. His hand, it has been said, is open as day to melting charity. He has even lent money to a political opponent; but we should not recommend any Chartist Radical to borrow at his hands if there is any likelihood of his aspiring to public honours, unless, like the late Mr. Ernest Jones, he has other friends who are ready to step in at the critical moment to stay the execution of a writ. There was a grim humour, imported from Irish electioneering tactics, in attempting to place a rival candidate in "quod" on his nomination day; and the tutelary deities at the Reform Club, who are notoriously appreciative of eccentric humour, have probably forgiven Mr. Callender his little joke. In a more recent case the hon. gentleman showed his generosity to a political opponent in a manner more conspicuous. He was publicly accused by a leading and responsible Liberal of circulating a statement that Mr. Jacob Bright, at the grave of one child, had rebuked a pious expression used by another. Mr. Callender disdained to ruin the prospects of the opposition candidate by accepting Mr. Henry Rawson's challenge to prove this story. He preferred to suffer public contradiction upon a matter so keenly affecting his reputation as a gentleman and a churchman, rather than blast Mr. Bright's character by producing the proofs, without the possession of which, so honourable a man would surely never have ventured to make so reckless a statement.

As hon. secretary of the Athenaeum, Mr. Callender has rendered useful public service; and it may be said that in his long connection with that valuable institution he has never soiled his patronage of literature and culture by any vile admixture of politics. This is the more admirable, inasmuch as the motives of his election to office were semi-political. When his predecessor (the lamented John Ashton Nicholls) died, the directors of that day, who had been rendered somewhat timorous by that gentleman's bold and trenchant advocacy of Liberal principles, resolved that there should be no more Nicholls elected to office. And so Mr. Callender was appointed in his place. During the long period he has held office Mr. Callender has fairly earned and maintained the confidence of the subscribers; and the institution has thriven in all its branches till it has become the middle-class club of Manchester, and the spring and centre of a multitude of useful organisations. At one time, indeed, some mischief-makers (taking advantage of a commercial transaction upon which Mr. Callender took a bold stand, claiming his right to repudiate a bad bargain made by an agent whom, against the feeling of the trade, he discredited) attempted to interrupt the harmony of his relations with the directorate. The attempt signally failed, and after a solemn enquiry Mr. Callender was returned without a stain upon his character. Some years ago a dead

infant, unknown, having been found in a ditch in Lochend, in Inverness-shire, the Kirk Session of the parish made a strict inquest upon all the unmarried women of childbearing age, who were requested to attend at a place and time appointed "to have their characters adjusted." The process followed by the venerable court was never explained. The directors of the Athenaeum maintained a similar silence as to their exercise of the powers of dealing with the private transactions of a brother. But there remains no doubt that Mr. Callender's character was adjusted satisfactorily.

On the occasion of Mr. Disraeli's recent famous visit to Manchester, Mr. Callender entertained him handsomely at his country mansion of Mauldean Hall—that is, he would have done, only the late Bishop's residence had not then been acquired by him. The Prime Minister, however, was reported to be highly delighted with the hospitality which a merchant prince of Manchester was able to dispense to him at his more modest family mansion in Victoria Park.

We believe that the credit usually given to the junior member for Salford for having introduced politics into municipal contests is really due to the subject of our sketch. He began in a modest way in Exchange Ward, years before Mr. Charley was heard of in Manchester or Salford, and succeeded in returning his candidate, Mr. Nield. Since then the Conservative municipal network has been spread over the entire city with a fair amount of success. This system of political wire-pulling, however, has proved very expensive, and otherwise inconvenient, especially since the Conservative working man has begun to assert his right to a share in municipal dignities. It was largely owing to the fact that the tap in St. James's Square was turned off in October that the November elections resulted so disastrously for the Conservatives as they did, and a deep-seated discontent has fallen upon the youthful aspirants of the party who have toiled long and got nothing. It would be a strange Nemesis if so astute an engineer as Mr. Callender should be overthrown in the pit he himself has dug.

Since his virtual retirement from public life, and his absorption into the ranks of the silent members who watch the interests of Lancashire on the Conservative side of the house, Mr. Callender has been little heard of. The hopes of his friends that he would add greatly to the Government revenues, at the expense of the Radical newspapers, in telegraphing his speeches from London, have been disappointed. In discharging the honourable office of seconding the Address to the Queen at the opening of Parliament, he did indeed soar rocket-wise amid a brilliant display of oratorical fireworks. But it is understood that his ambition is now rather social than political, and by his present masterly inaction he justifies the belief that, when he attains his peerage, he will be admirably qualified by practice for the office of Stick in Waiting.

STUDIES AT THE AQUARIUM.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

No. I.—PRELIMINARY.

THE thought has oft occurred to me
That visitors who go to see
This interesting place have not
A power of observation got.
Or I might say "appreciation,"
Instead of saying "observation;"
To see and to appreciate
Are not the same, I beg to state.
For instance, when they see a shark
They are completely in the dark,
Or in a dismal fog, at least,
About the habits of that beast.
The guide-book to their aid they call;
That guide-book is no use at all,
It gives the Latin name, 'tis true,
But what is that to me or you?

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The guide-book does not tell us why,
And does not to inform us try,
The swordfish should possess a snout,
Which other fishes do without.

'Tis true there is no swordfish there,
So this example is not fair;
But since they undertake to board fish,
Why should they not have got a swordfish?

As far as I can understand,
They must be difficult to land,
Or otherwise this creature rum
Would be in the Aquarium.

The swordfish, so I have been told,
Is very rash and very bold;
He's noted for attacking ships,
And breaks his snout among the chips.

Now, having broken off his snout,
That swordfish roams the waves without;
Deep wedged in wood that fish's snout is,
And so the story past all doubt is.

That circumstantial evidence
I never saw myself, and hence
That thus the swordfish does behave it,
I cannot take my affidavit.

But if it does, I only know
It is a fool for doing so;
To get, a beast must have no sense,
Its name up at its snout's expense.

But this reminds me that there are
No swordfish there—we wander far
From our preliminary text
In talking of a question vex't.

From time to time I here propose
Dame Nature's wonders to disclose,
As illustrated by the pranks
Of several inmates of the tanks.

Some folks have nothing in their sconce, hence
A sort of aptitude for nonsense;
This metaphor does not apply,
My gentle sir, to you or I.

It is no use to see those things,
Unless the observation brings
Some information to your sconce;
And now I've finished for the nonce.

LOCAL AND MUNICIPAL GOSSIP.

[BY OUR OWN MAN BEHIND THE SCENES.]

JIT is currently reported in literary circles that our talented townsmen, G. A. Waxon, Esq., F.L.R.S., is about to be elected a member of the Pollydaffydilical Society of Sienna.

I believe that it is not premature to mention that the late esteemed representative of St. Michael's Ward is employing his leisure in study, as he intends offering himself as a candidate for one of the School Board Exhibitions. He has determined to take this course, because he can no longer make an exhibition of himself in the Council Chamber.

Speaking of municipal affairs, it is a fact not generally known that William Ward, Esq., H.P., of King-street, has in his possession a valuable and complete collection of the bills of fare of all the mayoral dinners which he has attended. A well-known knight has suggested to Mr. Ward the propriety of publishing the collection with an English translation for the use of young town councillors who occasionally find themselves pardoned by the names of the eatables and drinkables they have to choose from when invited to grace the mayor's mahogany. Should Mr. Ward follow the advice of his colleague, he will confer a real boon upon some of his friends of the Council Chamber. If the brochure is published

in a handy form for the waistcoat pocket, with a vocabulary at the end, no gentleman need feel any difficulty as to venturing to name the liquor he wants when enjoying the chief magistrate's hospitality.

Turning to literary gossip, I am able to announce that the following new works will be published at Christmas:—"Speeches of R. T. Walker, Esq., ex-C.T.", edited by the Dean; "Letters on Art and Morals," contributed to the press by F. F., republished by the Brazenose Club; "Days at the Waterworks, and other Poems," by George Booth, Esq., Councillor and J.P.; "How an Honorary Secretary became a J.P.," by the author of "Those Evening Bells."

I am authorised to contradict the rumour that a popular Weekly Board has been in treaty with Francis Fuller, Esq., of London, with a view to the sale of a certain splendid site and its conversion into a central bowling green and skittle ground.

NAILED TO THE COUNTER; OR, THE HARD-UP CONSERVATIVE.

[BY AN OLD FOGLIE.]

HE had no mast to nail his colours to, so, with unconscious satire, he nailed them to his counter instead, in close company with a bad penny. He was a Conservative, and kept a shop, which is sufficient information about him at present; indeed, I am not certain whether he will appear in the story any more. Suffice it that the polling day in the last municipal election was over, and that there were the bad penny and the blue rosette nailed side by side to the mahogany. Now, the blue rosette being an adjunct, in its own opinion, of aristocracy, did not like this companionship, and fluttered uneasily in the wind. "Come," said the penny, "let's be sociable, and have a chat. Are we not brethren in misfortune? Let us relate to each other how we came to such a pass, and let chance decide who shall speak first."

"Agreed," said the Conservative emblem, thawing a little, "but, situated as we are, how can the decision be arrived at?"

"Easily," said the spurious coin. "Nailed as we both are flat to the counter, it is evident that you do not know whether I am head or tail uppermost. I won't cheat, on the honour of a bad penny."

"A very sufficient pledge," said the ribbon, sneeringly.

"Oh!" retorted the coin, "there's much of a muchness, as far as that goes; there's honour among thieves. Just remember what rascally treatment old Kenworthy got from the Conservatives."

"Well, well, I say 'ed—head I should say; that comes of keeping bad company."

"Well, it is a head. Tell us about that."

"All right. 'Ere—here goes, I mean."

THE BLUE RIBBON'S STORY.

Not long ago I was the property of Mr. Councillor C——, than whom no more staunch Conservative ever neglected his aspirates. I am the emblem of the great Conservative party in Manchester, the party which, while it boasts of the possession of its R. T. Walker, is not ashamed of its Potts and its Price. (Here the penny gave a convulsive start, as if it were making a violent effort to turn tail uppermost.) Mr. Councillor C—— is distinguished both as a civic horat—orator and as a friend of throne and hall—altar. He howes 'is hed—("Come, cut it short," from the penny). Well, to make a long story short, Mr. C—— came into this shop to make a purchase, and dropped me 'eedlessly to the hear—earth, upon which the proprietor of this establishment nailed me to this counter in the present disgraceful company.

"Come, come, old fellow," said the penny, "you need not be so rough on me. Conservative principles very often find worse bed-fellows than you have got, I can assure you. Now for my story."

THE BAD PENNY'S STORY.

I am one of a job lot sent down on spec' to the Manchester racecourse by a gentleman who takes a deep interest in assemblages promoted for

the purpose of improving the breed of horses. How I got into the pocket of Mr. Mark Price, Esq., I can hardly tell you, as I passed through so many hands. However, there I was; and Mr. Price was doubtless unaware of my spurious nature when he offered me in exchange for one of the comic papers. The youth demurred; "but," said he, "you can have a *Salford Chronicle* if you like." I was replaced in Mr. Price's spacious pocket, and finally passed into the hands of Alderman Bake. Mr. Mark Price, Esq., is the prince of butchers' guardians, auctioneers, secretaries, Conservatives, and good fellows.

("Come, come, draw it mild," from the rosette.)

Well, from the Alderman's possession I passed into the hands of a cabman—one of Potts's by the way. He got it in change when paying a fine, and was the very man who drove Duncan's voters to the poll, with "VOTE FOR POTTS AND INSOBRIETY" placarded on the back of the vehicle.

"Where was old Sam Nicholson?" interrupted the rosette.

Oh! Sam was over-excited that day; had had a dose too much of literature, and neglected the interests of Conservatism shamefully. Well, the cabby brought me here, and I was detected and placed in the painful position in which you now ——. Why, I do declare, if there isn't Councillor C—— and Mr. Mark Price, Esq., coming in together! What a coincidence! Let's listen to their conversation.

The blue rosette: "Ush!"

THE HARD-UP CONSERVATIVE.

Mr. Mark Price, Esq. How d' ye do? Have you heard the news? Councillor C——. I 'ave 'eard no news as yet.

Mr. Mark Price, Esq. What! not about the ——? [Whispers.]

Mr. Councillor C——. You don't say so!

Mr. Mark Price, Esq. [looking vindictive]. It's worth fifty pounds to me. I have had no peace for a long time.

Councillor C——. Has for me, I 'ave been 'ARD UP for this long time for some hintellectual hemplacement. I'll go and see hold Sam hat oree.

The result of the conversation thus strangely overheard was that Councillor C—— became editor of a periodical which has recently announced the engagement of "a new and brilliant staff of literary writers."

THE TALE OF THE COW.

[BY OUR QUEER FELLOW.]

OME few weeks ago I told you Of a certain ancient Crummy, Of a venerable cow that Once I milked in distant regions; Now my tale is of another. Stumpy was the name of this one; And her name, unlike to Crummy's, Had a deep, intrinsic meaning, Which will be apparent to you When you've read my simple story. I must tell you, first of all, that At the time of which I'm speaking She possessed another name that I have long ago forgotten; But we called her Stumpy after, This is how we came to do so: You must know that in those regions— In those far Australian regions— In the summer, when the daylight Steals a march upon the darkness, Clothing hill, and vale, and forest With uncomfortable brightness (Speaking from the moral standpoint Of a man who loves to slumber)— You must know, I say, that straightway From the fences in the stock-yard, From the roofs and sides of houses, From the wrinkled bark of tree-trunks, And from every other spot where

Through the night they've been reposing Swarm the flies in countless millions, Welcoming the blazing sunshine. Swarm upon the waking bush-land— Swarm within the busy cow-sheds— Swarm among the patient cattle In a manner most annoying; More especially at milktimes Do the flies become a nuisance, Stinging dreadfully the cow in Places where they can't get at them. Where their presence is the cause of frantic caudal agitation; For I may as well inform you That the cows were always tethered By the head to keep them steady.

Well, one evening I remember, When I happened to be milking Stumpy, who possessed a tail which In its length and grace of action, And in harmony of detail, Far exceeded those of others—I repeat that I remember How she caused me grave annoyance By the way in which she worked it; Slashing it with fell persistence In my face the whiles I milked her, Till I said, "This passes patience, I shall really be obliged to Take precautions to insure me Peace and quiet while I milk you." So I took her tail and tied it By the hair with which it ended To the same convenient fence-rail To the which her head was tethered— Then composed myself to milk her With a tranquil satisfaction.

But, when I had almost finished, Came a fellow to the cow-shed, Shouting through the open doorway, "Green-eyed Bill, of Tinker's Gully, Has arrived but now from Sydney With the latest mail from England; He has English letters for you, Which he says he'll not deliver Till he gets a glass of brandy, Though he's very drunk already." Vain it were to picture to you All the deep and fond emotions Which were swelling in my bosom; But I only will recount you, How with quick and nervous fingers I bestirred me to untether, From the rail, the head of Stumpy, All forgetful of the fact that She was also tethered tail-wise. But when I had cast her head loose, And with swift impatient footsteps Hastened to the neighbouring house where Green-eyed Bill was waiting for me, Suddenly I was arrested By peculiar sounds behind me, Direful bellowings and groanings, And on turning, to my horror, I beheld a sight which never May these eyes again encounter. There was fixed the wretched Stumpy, Leaning forward with her whole weight; Every muscle strained and quivering, With her tail all taut behind her, Stiff and straight as any ramrod; And her back arched, as a cat's in,

When a hostile dog approaches.
 Running back, I first endeavoured
 With my hands to give her freedom,
 But I found the task was hopeless,
 For the knot was jammed and tightened
 By the strain that was upon it,
 So I went with all my swiftness
 For a knife wherewith to cut it ;
 But with anxious speed returning,
 I perceived the cow had vanished
 While the tail—alas, the pity !
 There it hung, in mournful fashion,
 From the rail to which I'd tied it.
 Long I gazed upon it sadly,
 But I knew regret was useless,
 And I did not like to waste it ;
 So I took it home and cooked it,
 And we ate it for our supper.
 From this simple tale you'll gather
 How we came to call her Stumpy.

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON AN ONION.

THIS is a vegetable of ill repute from time immemorial. I do not know who was the first to discover the faculty possessed by it of producing tears from the human eye at the will of those using it; but this I will say, and try to prove, that, instead of having obloquy cast upon it, this plant ought to have long ago been installed as one of the most useful agents of humanity. The onion is the emblem of hypocrisy, and as such ought rather to be venerated than vilified. This shall form the first head of the present discourse. We all of us carry in some more or less secret corner of our pockets an onion. We may try to disown the fact even to ourselves; but, however we may be ashamed of it, there is the onion, lurking in secret, rebuker of our hypocrisy. How, I should like to know, could a man keep up a decent appearance at the funeral of his mother-in-law long without his onion? The exigencies of society demand that that man should be sorry for that relative; the onion supplies the tears, and the world says of Smith or Robinson, as the case may be, lo! he is a worthy man, he weeps for his mother-in-law. There is always, to my mind, a smell of onions about all funerals—a smell which, between you and me, I thoroughly detest. Nevertheless I have got an onion in my pocket which I shall use profusely on the next melancholy occasion. Onions are wholesome food, too, look you. On them, as I am credibly informed, are periodically fed those amazingly woeful quadrupeds which draw death's triumphal car through the streets. The plumes on their heads are, if you examine them closely, but so many onion tops dyed black. What has that weeping widow got in her handkerchief? Surely not an onion? Ah! but the undertaker knows better, he provides them along with the gloves, and hatbands, and scarves. He is the discreetest of men, my dear madam, and will tell no tales. Confess, now, that that handkerchief which your eyes bedew would give a very tolerable flavour to a shoulder of mutton.

What is all this stuff about funerals? There are no onions, and grief for the departed is always genuine. Of course it is; there is no such thing as humbug or lying under the sun. This is a pleasant creed, in which the Lover of Nature would fain be a believer—but, my dear madam, he has seen so many tears dropped in defiance of natural laws, to much vain pomp, and show, and bedizement, so many feigned woes, at the bottom of which lie joy or indifference, that he is a sceptic about real emotion, even should he chance to come across it. Am I sorry when my uncle dies and leaves me £20,000? It is not in nature that I should be so. Ho, mite! bring onions quickly, that I may give proper vent to my esteem and sorrow. Let us have a huge, ornate coffin, borne on wheels, with black horses and nodding plumes; let us have troope of

mourners, onion bearing, so shall I exhibit the sorrow of a nephew for the uncle whose money he is already spending in anticipation. These things, you see, are only right, and proper, and becoming. As it is natural to man to die, so does Nature, the greatest hypocrite in existence, inculcate sorrow for the departed, and so —

I am reminded that this is but a gloomy theme on which I am descending; there is surely, it will be said, some other sort of moralising to be deduced even from such a humble vegetable as an onion. What have funeral rites (some other person will remark) to do with a humorous and satirical paper? My friends, there is humour in everything, even in a funeral; and as for satire, I feel inclined to say such withering things, that I really must change the subject.

The onion is peculiarly a sociable vegetable. It is found to best advantage in company with shoulders of mutton, ducks, geese, joints of pork, &c., &c.; whereas the potato, on which I have already held forth, is best alone, in unadorned plainness. Some men are like onions, their merits are brought into play chiefly by their surroundings; whereas others, like the potato, have an intrinsic value which no adjuncts can enhance or remove. Firstly, the onion is like some pleasures of the world, sweet to the taste, but apt to leave an unpleasant flavour in the mouth. Which of us does not detest the smell of onions after dinner? There are some ill-conditioned persons who love no onions, and who denounce as vulgar the eating of onions in others. Of these it may be said that they are less to be admired in a degree than those ill-considered individuals who munch their onions raw, without the restraint of prudence or respect for the feelings of other people. In this, as in other matters, moderation is a virtue, the recommendation of which shall conclude the present sermon.

MANCHESTER ASSIZE CAUSE LIST.

WE have been favoured with a peep at the causes set down for trial at the Manchester Assizes, and we learn that amongst others are the following:—

POPE v. THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.—This action is brought to recover damages against one of the members of the U. K. A. (a limited liability company), who succeeded in extorting from Sam Pope, Esq., Q.C., at the last annual meeting of the council, indirectly, the fact that "he had been there and still would go." The damages are set down at the cost of a dozen of the best bottled port.

JORDAN v. ADDISON.—The plaintiff in this case is a distinguished limb of the law, and he seeks to recover damages for certain observations made by the defendant, amongst others being that he has no *locus standi* in this country, as he takes his name from a river whose course is through a land flowing with milk and honey. "Stand high!" said the plaintiff, "why, I stand higher than you!" and thereupon cause was joined. The damages are only nominal.

THE TOWN CLERK v. MESSRS. WALKER AND ANDERTON.—This is a very curious action, and arises in this way. The two defendants were in partnership with the plaintiff in a very flourishing affair in Manchester. In the absence of the plaintiff, in America, they spoke of him in a defamatory manner, and the action is brought, not so much to recover special damages, as to ask for something as a *solatium* for the plaintiff's distressed feelings. The plaintiff is to be brought into court in a most wretched condition, and the Judge has been told that "he won't be able to recognise his old friend Joe, who always leads off the cheers at the Mayor's banquets, and plays first fiddle after supper."

WARD v. THE TOWN CLERK AND ANOTHER.—In this case the plaintiff is a gentleman who is entrusted with the care of the Mayor, Aldermen, and civic authorities during the Town Clerk's absence. During Sir Joseph's holiday, Mr. Ward was specially entrusted with the care of "somebody" who is put down on the cause as "another" by the Town Clerk. On Sir Joseph's return he presented him with a bill for two dozen of Corporation sherry, and a pint of half-and-half a day. Sir Joseph declined, naturally, to pay, as he thought that "another" had had more than was good for him. The case is not expected to last long; indeed, it's questionable whether it will come on at all, as we learn that Sir Joseph has been raffling a link of the Mayor's gold chain to make up the difference.



WHAT SAYS HE? CAW!

Cowper.

MY Lord Bishop of Manchester, Mr. Edward Herford, the city coroner, has undertaken to sit on your enemies.

Did we hear you aright? Ah! we thought so. Then we'll tell him that you pray fervently for a speedy acquaintance between him and his undertaker.

We pray ourselves that Mr. H. wouldn't be so pewgnacious. It is not true, my lord, that he's been engaged to play the part of pantaloon at the Christmas Pantomime, for the manager is afraid of a scene between him and the clown, as he would be sure to hit back. No doubt, Bishop, you are right, when you say it's due to his hityouation.

Holloa! Dean Cowie and my reverend chapter of Manchester; are you aware that Cromwell has turned his back on the Church?

Doesn't he like your ritualistic practices, or is it because he would prefer to start in business and give short measure on 'Change.

Alderman Heywood in making arrangements for the public execution (we mean public uncovering) of Cromwell's statue, please remember that Mr. Benjamin Brierley is looking forward anxiously for a drop of Corporation champagne.

Mr. R. T. Walker, out in the cold, says he'll be able to make himself still Hearty Walker, on the occasion, with a drain of gin and bitters.

Mr. Hugh Mason, don't disestablish the church yet, or Messrs. Charley and Cawley won't leave any room in the newspapers for reports of fights between the sea serpent and the whale.

Messrs. Directors of the Aquarium, don't you think it would be wise to enlarge your tanks so as to be ready for the reception of this monstrous conger cel—when he's caught.

You might, as Mr. Peter Spence says, have a splendid fight between the monster and the Belle Vue elephant.

My dear Mr. Charley, we pity you. It was too bad that the reporters, after dining with you off a roasted ox, at the Pomona Show, didn't give your speech in full in the morning papers. Did you make one?

We'll forgive them, if you think the omission was only occidental.

We can't vouch for the truth of it, but we certainly heard a pig at the Pomona Show grunt very much, and say that his age was put down in the catalogue as greater than that of his mother, who was in the next pen. Nobody seemed to 'Eden, not even the Earl of Ellesmere.

A learned farmer at Worsley, we are told, carried off the prize for the greatest bore in the yard of any breed.

Rev. Mr. Dudley Hart, of Stretford, we're afraid you're a cannibal, or you wouldn't have shown such a keen relish for venison.

"Amerikee." There's no such place in the world Mr. United-States Consul-in-Manchester, and you oughtn't to crane your neck and say there is in the presence of enlightened agriculturists.

Mr. Edwin Waugh has written a new song, which was sung by Signor Foli at De Jong's concert the other night. Everybody, as a matter of course, said they'd heard it before.

At which Mr. De Jong whistled, and managed to exclaim, Waugh! Waugh-wonderful.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

[BY A NOVICE.]

AUTUMN is the time for musing
Most appropriate;
I in Nature's book perusing,
Have at any rate
Long arrived at this conclusion,
To the manifest confusion,
Of my pate.

Why should I grow addleheaded
Thinking of the leaves?
Why is fancy always wedded
To a fact that grieves?
Viz., as in the case before me,
When those leaves they take and floor me,
Do those leaves.

For the more I think about them,
Stupider I grow;
Wishing I could do without them,
But I can't, you know;
For the Editor has told me,
To discuss them, so behold me,
Plunged in woe.

"For the subject of your poem,"
Said the Editor;
"Take the autumn leaves and show 'em,
What I hire you for."
"You," he said, "are lazy getting,
And a bad example setting;"
Said the Editor.
Then I mildly said unto him,
"You will be in luck;
If you find to write that poem,
One among the ruck.
I, for one, do not intend to;
Now this scene we'll put an end to,"
So I struck.

LETTER OF APOLOGY.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

SIR,—I am case-hardened against banter, but I wince under the imputation of untruthfulness. In an article on "Letters of Apology" in your first issue (born apparently to-day), you comment on my having "shirked a meeting which I had been invited to attend at Macclesfield, on the ground that the acceptance of extra diocesan engagements would break my health;" adding, that "it was unfortunate that on the night when the Bishop made his pathetic appeal to the Macclesfield Useful Knowledge Society, to be let off from making a speech, he should have appeared in full fling at Accrington;" "and we are forced to conclude"—is your further remark—"that a spice of malice on the part of the reporters suggested the practical joke of printing his lordship's apology in one column and his speech in the next."

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I beg respectfully to observe that my excuse was that I had not strength to undertake the engagements which are continually being pressed upon me from places—like Macclesfield—which lie outside my proper territory. I claim a right in such cases to consult, to some extent, my own ease and convenience. My own diocese, of which Accrington forms a part, has a claim upon me of a different kind; and though I certainly should like to have rather more evenings that I could call my own and spend at home, I do not feel at equal liberty to refuse an invitation when it is pressed upon me so strongly as was this from Accrington.

Besides, the occasion at Macclesfield was ordinary, at Accrington special. The directors of the Mechanics' Institute were anxious to raise a considerable sum for the purpose of purchasing and adapting a new set of premises; and they were good enough to think that my presence and support would help them. Whether they had that effect or not I cannot say; but I desired at least to show that I wished well to the enterprise.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

J. MANCHESTER.

Bishop's Court, Manchester, Nov. 19th, 1875.

The Bishop of Manchester had no need to accuse—we mean to excuse himself. We never imputed, or desired to impute, to his lordship a shadow of untruthfulness; but if we have in any degree wronged him—than which nothing could give us greater pain—he has returned the compliment by mistaking our nonsense for seriousness.—ED. C. J.]

IN STATU QUO!

O H, Oliver! Oh, Oliver!
Whatever hast thou done,
That now in bronze for many a year
Thy form must brave the sun?
'Tis very strange that here at last
We recognise thy worth,
And raise a statue in the air,
While thou art in the earth.
At least some part of you, we think,
Is lying in the mould,
Though where your actual quarters are
We never have been told,
Perhaps you've got a warmer shop,
And in hot diggings revel,
For men who calmly kill a king
Go quickly to the d——l.*
In life you always bore yourself
As well became a Roundhead,
And now that you are still in death
Your praises still are sounded.
You did your level best when man,
To make old England fear'd;
And now that you a spirit are,
Your name should be rever'd.
In Manchester we long did pray,
And so did other towns, too,
For Charles the martyr, in whose gore
Your hands you did embrue, too.
Of course you followed nature's laws,
Your pater used to brew beer;
And Charlie's head you chopp'd off,
And gave him then his true bier.
This was a very wicked deed,
With which we cannot parley,
For we have heard for centuries
A nation's prayer for Charlie.
He was a tyrant, as we know,
And vicious as a sovereign;
But now he is a kingly saint,
With aureole round him hoverin'.

* Our Printer's Imp objects to his name being taken in vain, so we dare not print it in full.—JACK DAW.

You might have kept him in a gaol,
And fed him on thin skilly;
And made him hate his rights divine,
And yield them willy-nilly.
If you had acted in this way,
And made him thin and bony,
Your faults might now have been forgot—
He'd swear you were his crony.
And if poor Charles had died in bed,
Of fever or the ague,
We should have blamed the dungeon damp,
And not have thought to plague you.
But then, you know, you killed the King,
And so we now rail at you;
But had you let him die in peace,
You ne'er had got a statue.
So farewell Noll, and may your head
No care or anxious trouble vex;
And when you wish to change your bier,
Just take a taste of "double X."

OLIVER CROMWELL A MANCHESTER MAN.

[FROM THE "MANCHESTER ADVANCED PRESS."]

A VERY erroneous opinion seems to prevail generally in Manchester as to the character and history of Oliver Cromwell, a statue of whom is erected in Victoria Street, in this city. We have been at some considerable pains to ascertain the circumstances of Oliver's life, and assisted by the Town Clerk (who, we understand, expects, like a former Town Clerk of Manchester, Sir Joseph de Heron, soon to be knighted, as the Mayor feels himself unequal to the task), over long pipes and bottled stout, we have been able to draw up the following veritable draft of the history of this extraordinary Manchester man. Oliver was born either in 1599 or 1600, and was the son of Robert Cromwell and his wife, Elizabeth, who kept a hosier's shop in Deansgate. He was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, and in early life played pitch and toss with crowns on the banks of the Irwell, which river at that time was remarkable for the purity of its waters and the plenteousness of its fish. In fact, a contemporary historian, named Muirhead—the illustrious forefather, we believe, of the present Councillor Muirhead, of this city—says somewhere, "In fact, ye fish in yo waters was as plentiful as blackberries on yo bridge of Blackfriars." Oliver's genius was developed early in life. The licensing acts were not then enforced; and after he had taken a scholarship in the Manchester Grammar School, and another at Owens College—which was then in its infancy—he started a brewery, and sold small beer at a lower rate than could be had at any other establishment in the city. This brought him prominently before the notice of his fellow-citizens, and they returned him to Parliament, where he turned out to be a sad thorn in the side of the then prime minister, well known in history as Benjamin of D'Israel, of Jewish extraction, and as one of the old chronicles of the time says, "of rare connyng and pleasance." Time, however, which then as now works wonders, brought about a great Liberal reaction, and instead of the Benjamin of D'Israel being prime minister, one William of Hawarden came to the front. The spirit of Oliver, however, began to exercise its influence on public opinion; and his downright honesty, his clear-headedness, and his hatred of political cant, made him a prime favourite with the people, who called the Parliament he was in the Long Parliament, for they began to tire of their parliamentary leaders, and were anxious that there should be a general election. Oliver had in the representation of his native city the assistance of two gentlemen of the most consummate ability—William, the Callenderer (for even then Manchester was celebrated in the production of cotton and other goods), and Hugh, the Burley, called so because of his portly dimensions. King Charles the First (known as Martyr Charles

for many years in the prayer-book of the Church of England, now disestablished and disendowed through the agency of that remarkable man, Hugh Mason, Esquire) reigned on the throne of Great Britain much to the disgust of our great citizen and townsman, Oliver Cromwell, of immortal memory. Oliver intuitively knew that he was called to greatness, and he waited patiently for the dawn of that day when the aspirations of his life would be fulfilled. And that day was not long in dawning. In 1795 or 2006, a revolution, extinguished by the military forces of the country, had done much to create a feeling of dissatisfaction in the breast of the people, and on the memorable 5th of August Oliver Cromwell was standing smoking a cigar in front of the Free-trade Hall in his native city, when a cry of terror smote his ears, and a crowd of many thousands of free and independent voters swept down Peterloo Street, pursued by a troop of the Manchester Volunteers, led by Colonel John William Maclure. The carnage was fearful, and had the Infirmary been standing on the old site in Piccadilly, now covered over with shops and warehouses, it would not have been half capacious enough to accommodate those whose feelings were injured. The Bishop of Manchester took a prominent part in this rising of the people, but was conspicuously absent at the disturbance in Peterloo Street, he being engaged, under Oliver Cromwell's orders, in trying to blow up the Cathedral by means of the canons. For the share Oliver Cromwell and the Bishop of Manchester took in inducing the people to rise against their natural leaders, they were tried at the Old Manchester Assize Courts, in Strangeways, and the former was acquitted with a caution, while the latter was created Archbishop of Canterbury. Oliver shortly afterwards took out a license, and was landlord of the "Crown and Sceptre," in Deansgate, where, after many squabbles with the police, owing to his dealing in contraband goods, brought up the Irwell by Dutch smugglers, he peacefully breathed his last, and his remains were interred in the Manchester Cathedral, with great pomp and ceremony.

We hope our readers will give us (the *Manchester Advanced Press*) credit for the industry with which we have traced Cromwell's history. The task has been one of love; and though we have but few documents or historical works to refer to, owing to the destruction which the Germans caused when they sacked this country 500 years ago, we think we have sufficiently indicated the circumstances to make Manchester men proud of the statue of Cromwell, which bears the following elegant epitaph in choice Latin, said to have been written by an Alderman named Heywood:—

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLD FOGIE AND THE PIANO.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

DEAR SIR.—We all liked your first number *very much*, and I read *every word* of it through, until I came to that article of the Old Fogie's about "The Habits of Poultry"—although there was nothing about the habits of poultry in it. It seemed to be a nice excuse for him to find fault.

There are four of us, all girls, in this family, and we all play upon the piano, as all girls ought to, and sometimes our brothers come and sing with us, and sometimes we sing ourselves. Of course the Old Fogie doesn't mean us, because we should soon find out if he lived next door to us, by hearing his landlady talk about him, for he seems to have *very*

curious habits. Besides, we don't make such a noise as he describes, and I think that at all events he was very wrong in using *that profane word which I will not mention.* It is very hard that people cannot play on their own piano without being abused in that way. I daresay, too, it is all nonsense about going on all day. I am certain that *we don't*; but what is the use of a piano if you can't play on it sometimes? I am sure the Old Fogie must be of a very disagreeable disposition, or else *he wouldn't change his lodgings so often*, which he says himself he has five or six times in the last six months. He must be a very selfish person; please tell him that I said so. Everybody's not like him, either, and have no ear for music. I have no doubt that the people who live next door to him play *quite well enough*, and if he is so particular in everything else, he had better go out of the world at once. Now I must stop. Hoping that you will be able to keep the Old Fogie in better order,—I am, &c.,

ONE OF FOUR WHO PLAY.

Sir.—Having read about the Old Fogie and the peanner, which I have found him out, and was a former lodger of mine. I know all his wikked wais of abusón on us, I means us as keeps lodgins, and I rites these here for to stait that *he use to play hisself on the floot*, which it is manny and manny the nite that I have enjoyed sleepless on the bed on account of the noise of that cussed instrement. You will excuse the stron langwage, which he used worse about the peanner; and after the utragious manner of his riting of me and others, which we did for him the best way we could; and, besides the naybors hein natterally annoyed an heavin bricks into our water but out of reviente, and comin to words about it, which he would play when he was not in fit condition, and I believe that the reason he's allus changin is acuse of nobody wouldest have him very long. So no more at presint; but I want him to know as his wikked wais is dish covered, which others is aware of also.—Yours, &c., M. JACKSON.

P.S.—This is not my real name, but the name as the Old Fogie gave me. He, indeed! the imperence!

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

[MR. MASON'S SONG OF DISESTABLISHMENT.]

ONCE more behold
Us, as of old,
Upon the platform spout;
With ranks unthinned—
Who's that that grinned?
Friends, turn that ruffian out.
For we are so jolly oh! jolly oh! jolly oh!
For we are so jolly oh! what jolly dogs are we.
Chorus.—Slap! bang! here we are again,
What jolly dogs are we.
Our minds are set
On what we shan't get
For many a year perhaps;
But we can at least,
On the future feast,
Like sanguine jovial chaps.
For we are so jolly oh! &c.
Chorus.—Slap! bang! here we are again, &c.
And though we are chaffed—
Who's that that laughed?
Just "throw him over" please;
We'll spout amain,
Again, and again,
Till we gain our cause with ense.
For we are so jolly oh! &c.
Chorus.—Slap! bang! here we are again, &c.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.—A contemporary says that at Mr. De Jong's last concert, the song by Madame Nouver, "Lo! here the gent'l lark," was very favourably received. This is all very well, but there is no reason why our contemporary should spell "obligato" in the way he does.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

JINTEND now to give some scraps, which have reached me, as examples or warnings, as the case may be. This man says it is the first time he ever wrote blank verse; I can only advise him to make it the last.

WOO'D AND WON.

Woo'd an angel to my bosom,
Woo'd and won an household angel;
In the country first I saw her,
In the country where the cows are,
And the tender honeysuckle;
Where the new-laid eggs are plenty,
Which the fowls are always laying
With a wonderful profusion.
Tedious it would be to tell you
How I woo'd and won that angel.
Till she said like Hiawatha's
Minnehaha laughing water.
I will go with you my husband,
Or to that effect her words were;
And her mother, she came with her,
Did the mother of that angel
Whom I woo'd among the cowslips,
Just to set the things in order;
So she told me, of the angel,
Whom as I have said before, I
Woo'd and won unto my bosom.
So she came; I mean the mother
Of the angel, as aforesaid.
And not only did she come there,
But she stayed, and still is with us;
And I fear that I shall have to
Liquidate some day or other,
All the funeral expenses
Of the mother of the angel,
Whom I woo'd unto my bosom.

It is not often that a man writes so affectionately of his mother-in-law as that; at the same time, affliction is no excuse for bad versification. I scarcely know what to say about the following effusion:—

FATHER TIME.

Oh, Father Time!
Upon thy wing sublime;
Rest, prithee rest,
The years proceed,
They do indeed,
At a prodigious rate; as is by most confessed.
Stay, Father Time,
List to my rhyme;
And favour me by going much less quickly.
The hairs upon my head,
Now white instead
Of brown, are growing anything but thickly.
Old Father Time,
For whose forbearance I'm
A suppliant,
No notice takes;
His opinion shakes,
And says he can't
Go slower than he did before;
And so I'll write no more.

This poet is, by his own confession, old enough to know better.

ON THE HABITS OF POULTRY.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

JTAKE advantage of an unwonted and pleasant lull in the noise next door to continue my remarks on the habits of poultry. From my parlour window I have a clear view of about a hundred acres or so of swamp. The row of houses in which I dwell forms the advanced guard of the invading army of jerry builders in the direction of Withington. I

would not for worlds reveal the name of that street so-called; but I will merely remark that it is one of a labyrinthine block in which no attempt has yet been made at paving and draining, where bricklayers and builders work and beguile the dull hours with cursing, usually in an unintelligible dialect; where heaps of bricks and other abominable building materials alternate with chasms full of slime. No carts invade these Babylonish solitudes, even foot passengers are scarce in these regions, and there is usually placed for their convenience a delusive row of planks by way of footpath, which splashes them all over with mud. To the planks and splashing I am daily a victim; but there are no bricklayers in front of my window, because the other side of my street exists only as yet in the dim future a looming disaster, which will block me for ever from watching the habits of those poultry. In the meantime I am free to observe those fowls as much as I please. Nearly all the neighbours keep fowls, which meander in doleful troops through these swamps in search of a precarious subsistence. I should think at least it must be a precarious, for it puzzles me to surmise what they can find to eat. Yet I see a fowl at this moment picking away most industriously. This is how he does it: He is walking along pensively and abstractedly when he perceives upon the ground a thing. He approaches that thing cautiously, with one eye upon it and the other upon the rest of those fowls, and then that poultry makes a dash at that thing, and gives a great "cluck cluck," as much as to say "come on you other fellows, here's something to eat at last." Then those cocks and hens all put their heads down, and rush together, fluttering their tails in air, and when they find that the thing is only a stone and nothing good to eat, they sulk for a while, and croak pensively until some other bird makes a similar discovery. I often wonder that the flocks of fowls do not get mixed; yet apparently they don't, for I see them picking their way in droves among the pools and tufts of grass; and these droves hold no more communion with one another than the Jews used to do with the Samaritans. I don't know where they go to lay their eggs, if they lay any, or to roost, if they do roost. But there is a cock, that lives about two doors off, whose roosting place I should like amazingly to discover. One day I thought I had got him, for as I was walking past one of the cinder-covered alleys at the back one morning I came upon a cock beset by a cat in a back slum. I said to myself, "This is the cock that crows in the morn, that wakes the Old Fogie all forlorn; and though a mean advantage I scorn, revenge is sweet. I'll cut off his retreat, and I will knock the head of that cock against the wall; no harm can befall, there's nobody looking while his goose I'm cooking," which I did, and the next morning he crowed worse than ever—that is to say, some cock or other did, and does still, matutinally; but there is undoubtedly one poultry the fewer in those swamps. With regard to the ducks which paddle, and splash, and swim in the middle of the —

QUEEN'S THEATRE: MISS WALLIS AS "JULIET."

MISS WALLIS labours under the twofold disadvantage of not having had yet time to shake off the mannerisms of her teacher, and of not having had the opportunity of studying any great living models in their rendering of the leading parts which she herself undertakes. This young lady's rendering of *Juliet* is therefore necessarily weak, inasmuch as it by no means comes up to the enthusiastic descriptions on the posters. At the same time the few remarks which we are about to make are bound to be of an encouraging nature, because there is in the *Juliet* of Miss Wallis, as recently presented to us, an indication not only of growing power, but also of increased study. Under the present treatment, *Juliet* is no longer the silly lackadaisical damsel whom many people remember, winking when she was told to wink, and adopting the sub *poses* which Mr. Ryder and his school have fathered upon Shakspere; but she is really a living natural character, with something too much here and there of conventionality, something occasionally of professional rant, but at the same time with undoubted pathetic power shining through all these

defects. It would be absurd to deny that Miss Wallis has much to learn before she can learn to render *Juliet* satisfactorily. The impersonation is astonishingly uneven, insomuch that what for one moment we are inclined to take for genius, degenerates in the next into the most commonplace routine work. This is especially noticeable in the balcony scene, wherein two distinct *Juliet*s figure, one stilted and absurd, the other life-like and natural. We must confess that twelvemonths ago we could not have adopted a similar line of criticism with regard to this young lady's performance; and if we go out of our way to point out defects, it is only because the power of overcoming these defects seems to be developing itself in this promising actress. It will be evident enough to every critic who paid attention to the play on Monday night that the deserved applause frequently gained by Miss Wallis was due entirely to her acting apart from her personal advantages, and not to the effect of her leading strings of her celebrated tutor. This much could not have been said twelve months since, and the conclusion must therefore be one of high promise for the future. Much hard and conscientious work is, however, undoubtedly needed to make the impersonation one worthy of superlatives.

Miss Wallis was only tolerably supported on Monday night. Mr. Clements, when he is least languid, is but a languid *Romeo*; and has no idea of pronouncing blank verse or any other verse as it ought to be pronounced. Mr. Sinclair is a robust and florid *Mercutio*, and pleases the pit and gallery, for whose benefit, apparently, he sustains the part with an unfair portion of robustness. The versatile Mr. W. G. Herwyn figures fairly this time as *Tybalt*, an irksome part, very liable to become ridiculous. Mr. Herwyn needs, sadly, tuition in the nature of carrying his sword, which reminded some at least among the audience of a schoolmaster inviting a little boy to hold out his hand for a caning. The usual buffoonery of the *Nurse* and *Peter* was rendered successfully by Mr. F. Robson and Miss Amy Crawford respectively. The scenery was, on the whole, better than any which we have seen in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Queen's for some time. The "Hunchback" and the "Lady of Lyons" have been played during the week, but we have space for no further notice. The repetition of "Romeo and Juliet" is announced.

THE BISHOP ON TALKING.

"Birds of a feather flock together."

THE truth of the old proverb having been well established by constant observation, our own "Jack," without persuasion, the other morning dropped down the drawing-room chimney before the fire was a-lit, and hopped into the Bishop's dressing-room while the major biped was in a state of semi-moult. As "Jack" did not follow the example of Poe's *Raven*, but entered without tapping at the chamber door, his lordship looked askance at first, but the colour of his visitor's coat assured him; and to "Jack's" sly twinkle and wink, meaning "How are ye?" he returned another of the same meaning, "Fit as a fighting cock, and up to anything." What follows we give from "Jack's" notes—not at all times "most musical and most melancholy":—

Bishop. You are not Poe's *Raven*, nor that of Barnaby Rudge, nor the Jackdaw of Rheims, nor the —

Jack. That'll do now. I admit your acquaintance with English literature is extensive. I'm the City Jackdaw, *corous monedula var non scripta*. The Jackdaw of Reams, if you like, after our sale of last week.

Bishop. Ah, to be sure. The *Daw* that is coming out in borrowed plumes in the shape of ready-made quills; the imp of darkness which is to put out the light —

Jack. Your lordship is 'cute this morning. But you know I've been at a revival meeting lately, and I'm following new courses. I'm one of the cloth in earnest now, and came along to condole with your lordship about that article in the *Spectator* last Saturday. But you don't look at all cut up by it.

Bishop. Not if I knows it. These newspaper people must always be

popping away at something; and, as you and I know, corbies and clergy stand a deal of shooting.

Jack. It would be the worse for humanity if we didn't; a good many grubs that spoil fair crops would come to maturity in the social and physical world were it not for us.

Bishop. True, Jack, true; your wisdom is far beyond your years. It's pleasant in these times of rapid talk and meaningless discussions to meet with common sense under your grey head.

Jack. Grey heads on young shoulders are only to be found among Jackdaws, you know. Our modern *Spectator* exhibits but little of the humour and wisdom of our old friend Addison in speaking of your lordship. Do you know what I've been thinking?

Bishop. I'm afraid I don't, though I think a good deal at times.

Jack. What I've been thinking is this, that if the newspaper folks would leave you alone, they would have less to say about your lordship. You can't utter a word on even commonplace things but what it is published far and wide. Even the sanctity of the church, and the sacredness of the Sabbath, does not prevent them from playing "Hi' Spy" on your utterances.

Bishop. That's one of the advantages—to call it by that name—of being notorious.

Jack. But there's a great measure of unfairness in the treatment you are receiving from our journalists. They make you notorious; set a watch on your lips so that you cannot utter a word without its being repeated over the length and breadth of the country. The fact is, my Lord James, they are envious, some of the ~~penny-dips~~. They have neither the power nor the ability you possess of handling a great many social topics in a popular and attractive style, and so are jealous.

Bishop. Thank you, Jack. It is easy for spectators and loungers to look on and criticise; but I wonder how some of my critics would come on were they in my shoes? I guess they would complain of corny toes before travelling far. I wish they would pass me by for a time.

Jack. I daresay you do; but you are too lively a fish to be brought to bank at once. As long as you make play they will pay out line upon line.

Bishop (laughing). "Jack's the lad." Commend me to your coteries, and when you want any special tips just drop down on me as you have done this morning. You must call at least once a week. Good morning.

TOWN HALL OR GUILD HALL: A SUGGESTION.

TOWN Hall or Guild, Bezonian speak or die?—to parody the words of *Ancient Pistol*. Neither, say I. Manchester is no longer a town, and the authorities should not derogate from its dignity by calling their magnificent new municipal buildings by the name of the old. And Guild, too! What have the Corporation to do with Guilds? The most appropriate name is so obvious, that I wonder the Town Clerk has not already declared in its favour. Let City Hall be the word. City is not only suitable and true, but becomes the mouth as well as Town or Guild, and will start a spirit as soon as either.

WHAT FOLKS ARE NOT SAYING.

THAT a deputation of reporters waited on Mr. Hugh Mason at the disestablishment meeting, and informed him that if he ordered the Orangemen to be thrown out of the gallery, they wouldn't go into the witness box to get him out of the scrape again.

That Mr. Mason's classical quotation, "'Ere we are again," set all the Orangemen to rubbing their last year's bruises, and to exclaim "'Ere we are achin'."

That Alderman Murray went upon the platform with his hat on, and in response to the applause intended for some one else, took it off.

That Mr. Dale and Mr. Rogers, after their addresses, were invited to see Jim Lee's place before it was disestablished and disendowed.

That the inspector of police who was in the room said he was Drysdale, but nobody took the hint.

That Mr. Wm. Touchstone offered to put on the gloves with either Mr. Dale or Rogers, but they declined the invitation on the ground that he had not been ordained.

That the Bishop of Manchester, after reading Mr. Hugh Mason's flattering observations, did without butter for his breakfast.

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

THE FROST.

QNCE more in contemplation lost
I eye the frost;
The works of which
In field or ditch,
With poet's eye I view,
Alas! too few
Are such as with a poet's eye,
Can view the scene
Where frost has been
At work, and beauty in that work espy.
The frost is white upon the grass
As any ass
Can see;
The air is sharp and keen,
Which two words mean
The same, it seems to me.
But then
Those sort of men—
To poets I allude,
Who write like me,
With fancy free,
Are licensed to commit tautology,
And now should ask for an apology.
Now is the time to ponder,
On what the rustic's doing yonder;
To watch him sowing seed,
Or ploughing, or, indeed,
Whatever work that rustic may
Be at upon this frosty day.
Myself, I do not care for such enjoyment,
And much prefer a homelier employment.
And so at home I pass
My hours of leisure;
The poet is an ass
Who goes and contemplates the frost for pleasure.

THE READING OF THE WILL.

TIME.—*The other day, pretty early.* PLACE.—*The Prince's Tavern, John Dalton-street.* COMPANY.—*Several well-known representatives of local medical charities.*

Mr. Birley [who has quietly walked in at the back door]. Now let us get the business over quickly this morning; I am not going to stay so late as we did yesterday. I felt quite mopy when I got to the trustees' meeting.

Dr. Radford. Well, we must have a drink, of course.

Mr. Leppoc. Certainly, Birley will stand drinks to-day.

Mr. Birley. I should be very glad to do so, but as a magistrate and a member of —

Mr. T. H. Basley. Oh, blow that. This is not a public meeting, you know.

The Rector of Warrington. Let us have a shake in the hat. Head to toss off for the drinks, and tail to fly for the Probate Office fee.

Dr. Reed. Bravo! Tucket. Here, take Watt's hat, you can't hurt it much.

Chancellor Christie. Sixpenny drinks, of course?

Everybody. Oh, certainly.

[The suggestion is acted upon, and in a short time Mr. Goulden, Mr. O'Hanlon, and Dr. Reed, are seen to cross the street and disappear into the Probate Office. In ten minutes time a pair of coat tails are seen flying in the street, belonging to a bare-head gentleman, who is running as if for his life.]

Dr. Reed [brushing into the room and cannoning neatly off Dr. Borchardt on to Mr. O'Hanlon]. Not a damned cent for any of us!

Dr. Borchardt. Don't trivialize our feelings, Reed.

Dr. Reed [still gasping for breath]. It's gospel truth. There's not a farthing even for the Infirmary.

Mr. Basley [singing]. "Oh, why did he die and leave us?"—nothing.

[About a dozen sad-faced gentlemen were shortly afterwards seen leaving the tavern, with heads less erect than usual.]

"OUR BOYS."

Rude impudence is passed for wit,
And shallow laughter takes its gaping fit.

Tannabill's Epistle to Alexander Borland.

MR. H. J. BYRON is a singular instance of the commercial man of talent. He probably despises trade, wholesale and retail, but he knows the popular market, and can produce the article that will sell. His dramatic writings invariably draw crowded houses in London, and are duly praised by the Cockney press. He has been, and is, the most popular, as he is the most prolific, of our modern playwrights. To attain this success Mr. Byron has expended, and probably has acquired, "little Latin and less Greek." Nothing that he has written shows a smack or trace of scholarship. He is not an artist in the severe sense of the term. There is no purpose, and there is no development in his plays. Yet he knows better than most playwrights what is telling and effective, and his productions never miss fire. Nothing, perhaps, of his writings will pass into our permanent literature, yet his ephemeral success is always certain.

"Our Boys" is a favourable example alike of the vices and excellences of Mr. Byron's style. The piece is called a modern comedy, but it is in no sense a comedy. It is a farce beaten out very thin, arranged in three acts, and padded out with dialogue of the "smart" order which is "enormously successful" on the Christy Minstrel platform. The idea on which the play has been written, or, speaking more correctly, the plan upon which the situations have been grouped, is this: There are two fathers who have two sons. One father is a patrician, frigid and dignified, proud of his blue blood and unstained descent; the other a buttermen who has made a fortune in Lambeth—coarse and vulgar in his manners, unbaised by class prejudice, and intensely natural and at his ease everywhere. The sons of these two men have met at the University, and have afterwards travelled together for three years on the grand tour. The action opens in the country-house of the retired buttermen, at which the young men are expected to arrive after their long absence from home. The county magistrate and his sister, impatient to see the hopeful scion of their house, make a morning call upon the old buttermen, upon whom it is known they will first call. Mr. Byron begins by entirely ignoring the courtesies of social life, and the expectant and impatient fathers are guilty of the most obvious rudeness to each other, for no other reason that is discernible except to raise a laugh. When, at last, Our Boys arrive, they are as ill-mated as the fathers. The Squire's son is an unmitigated snob, as insipid and as rude as Lord Dundreary in his dullest moments. Like Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up," he has been all round the world and seen "nothing in it." The buttermen's son, on the contrary, is a manly fellow, quick and shrewd in observation, unassuming, reasonable in his opinions, with just the spice of poetic exaggeration in his conversation which is agreeable in youth, and above all, very honest and hearty in his respect for the kind but ignorant parent, who has cherished him with touching fondness, while he wounds his educated if not fastidious taste by every word he utters, and

every attitude he assumes. Mr. Byron knows that contrast of this sort is always telling, and it is nothing to him how the contrast is obtained, provided it is effective.

Probability and *vraisemblance* are elements which do not even enter his thoughts. Still there is a consistency in the playwright's violation of the natural fitness of things which in its way deserves praise. It is quite as likely that a student and a gentleman should choose a nincompoop for his three years' companion as that a country gentleman should insult his host by openly lecturing him upon the meanness of his origin.

The great point of Mr. Byron's dramas is the "smartness" of the dialogue. Good-natured critics, who can't say anything better of his work, usually say that it is "smart." Now, a new meaning has been added to our vocabulary. "Smartness" means that a young gentleman should say to his aunt, when she invites him to play chess, "You'll not catch me playing chess; life is too short for that sort of game." "Well, say backgammon?" the aunt replies; "I have no objection to your saying backgammon, but I won't play with you," says young hopeful. This is passed for wit or "smartness." When the young gentleman proposes, Miss Fanny Brough—a charming actress, whose naturalness and point are deserving of better employment—is reduced to saying, "I have never been proposed to before; but I have read that the swain in these cases goes down on his knees." "I will go down on my head if you like," gushes the ardent lover. "No, no, don't," rapidly interposes Miss Brough, "you might break it." At this piece of "smartness" the audience laugh consummately, as indeed they do at every flagrant piece of rudeness; and Mr. Byron has only to make his creatures say impertinent things, whether in or out of character, to bring down the house. Audiences will guffaw at a burlesque of a Prime Minister who is eating out his heart in his country's service—at a clown sitting on a baby or burning his thigh with a poker. Mr. Byron always succeeds in making his audiences laugh, legitimately if he can, if not legitimately, anyhow.

MISS BECKER ON "THE DISMALS."

IT'S marvellous, but there's hope for us all yet, both bachelors and old maids, for Miss Becker, the champion of woman's rights, has spoken wisely at last. In distributing some scholastic prizes a few days ago, Miss Becker regretted that females had not been allowed to compete side by side with males for the prizes; she confessing that such a separation was very dismal. Oh! Miss Becker, what a splendid confession was that—a confession which bachelors and old maids will heartily endorse. Oh! the pains of separation; of the living of a single life, roasting one's unhappy toes over the fire in single blessedness. But this must be so no longer, for Miss Becker has authoritatively denounced the *dismals*; and, if she only goes a step further, we venture to say there won't be a bachelor or an old maid found in the country in six months. Even my lord bishop has been put in a flutter.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

DEAR JACK.—When I beheld you perched on a pinnacle of your lofty watch-tower, in the guise of a sable-plumed sentinel, peering down inquiringly upon the bustling city throng, I at once instinctively felt encouraged, notwithstanding your well-known saucy and mischievous predatory proclivities, to solicit your intervention in a matter which is engrossing the attention of my countrymen. Maister Little has, with rare promptitude, ventilated the idea of some obscure individual "regarding" special observances during Christmastide, and in which "brither" Scots are asked to participate. Now, Jack (pardon the familiarity), no doubt Maister Little is actuated by the best intentions; but did it never occur to him that there were others than Scotsmen who regard the project of a general gathering of the clans with interest, and whose presence would unquestionably prevent a laudable social reunion from being converted into an orgie? Why should the "guid" wives and lasses be left at home, whilst their "better" and prospective halves are disporting themselves over rocking bowls of cockyleekies, haggis, and other

delicacies. It is all very fine to project an excursion to the select domain of the C. C. C., at O. T., to flash about like lunatics upon the well-swept ice, or squat on snow-covered knolls and penetrate the mysteries of the orthodox potato-pie, finishing with a midnight revel—at the idea of which, even, he ought to feel ashamed. All this, Maister Little, smacks of selfishness—utter selfishness—and ought not to receive countenance from one to whom we have pinned no end of faith. But there is a big mutiny brewing! Myself, Mistress Mc.Tavish the elder, the Mc.Phersons, Murdochs, and, in fact, the whole of our lady acquaintances intend to "strike" against any one-sided arrangement; and, should the revel be carried out in spite of our protest, we shall organise a seasonable gathering of our own as exclusive of that of the much-vaunted little "britherhood."—Signed, on behalf of the "ring,"

MISTRESS MC.TAVISH THE YOUNGER.

MAYORAL HOSPITALITY AND THE JUDGES.

SCENE.—*The Kitchen at the Mayor's House.* Sir JOSEPH HERON and the Cook in discussion.

Sir Joseph.—Well, now look here, the Mayor has sent me up to give you instructions as to the bill of fare for their lordships' entertainment, and if you won't accept of my advice, why, you'd better say so.

Cook.—Accept of your advice, certainly not! Did anyone ever hear tell of a Town Clerk coming into a kitchen with kid gloves on?

Sir Joseph.—Well, I'll take the kid gloves off. That's better. Ah, well, you must season your soups—mock turtle, of course—so as to make it awfully hot, or the Judges won't be able to help themselves going to sleep on the bench the day after the "mayoral hospitality."

Cook. Shall we have to send a paragraph about it to the newspapers?

Sir Joseph. Newspapers! Certainly not. The newspapers always send out a special correspondent to write a paragraph for themselves—except when I send it before to them. Then you'll have to have Turbot.

Cook. Couldn't be done under any circumstances; the Mayor says it's too dear.

Sir Joseph. Ah! he always was a screw—maker.

Cook. Just so. About the rest of the fare I think we can arrange afterwards.

Sir Joseph. Only you'll be bound to have a stuffed Alderman.

Cook. A stuffed what?

Sir Joseph. A stuffed Alderman—a Turkey I mean, with green stuffing. Mr. Justice Lush eats nothing else when he can get it. Remember him once sending a Mayor to prison for not having a stuffed Alderman on (at) his table.

Cook. Lor' bless me! what a dreadful man; well, I'll do my best; but do you think the 'Igh Sheriff in his cocked 'at will be coming too.

Sir Joseph. Certainly; and the City Recorder, in his full-blown dignity; and, what's more, the future Attorney-General of the country, Mr. Charley, with all his retainers with him.

Cook. Well, I never! they'll eat us out of house and home.

Sir Joseph. No doubt of it. Thank you, I'll just take a drop neat, as you are so pressing.

Cook. We looks towards you. [Artistic tableaux.]

NOTICE.

"A BIG MOUTHFUL, OR THE DISCONCERTED LIBERAL."

A Story of Local Interest, will appear in our next issue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

H. K.—You don't suppose we are going to insert what you send us, simply because you enclose a stamp? In any case it could only go in as an advertisement.

W. M. Herd.—We have not heard anything about it.

A.—We do not know that the Bishop cares very much about what the *Courier* may say of him; therefore it is hardly necessary to enter into the question.

E. Howard.—You little know how 'ard you are upon us, at least we hope so.

Only an Ass.—You have amplified somewhat on our remarks by adopting this signature.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Our Coroner;" "A Pensive Man;" "J. C. H.;" "W. M."

NOVEMBER 26, 1875.

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